

# Heroes: Another Story

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*This is the story of Shawn.*

*{THIS IS AN EXTREMELY ROUGH 1 DRAFT! PLEASE WRITERS OF FAC, TAKE THIS PIECE AND EDIT IT, TWIST IT, ADD TO IT, DO WHATEVER, AS LONG AS YOU TELL ME! I WILL THEN UPDATE THE CHAPTER AND CREDIT YOU.}*

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## 0 - Prologue

# Heroes: Shawn

## Prologue

"Mr. Phillips, you have been proven to be dangerous. This is where you'll be kept."

"Who are you!"

"Me?....My name is Angela Petrelli. This might be the last time you ever see me. Good bye Shawn Phillips."

Right before the door closed i saw a sad face. A familiar one. I can;t put my finger on who it is. They drugged me. I saw angela petrelli lightly grab his arm. He slowly turned around, staring at me and my misery through the crack of the door which slowly and securely shut closed. I heard locking mechanisms forcing the door to never open without permission. I glanced down and suddenly, like a rush of adrenaline, i knew. i knew who he was. His face had changed in the past year but i recognized him. It was David. David Linderman. The Last Linderman.

# 1 - Background

## Chap 1: Background

### **1 1/2 YEARS EARLIER**

"Shawn pass the ball!!!"

That's Dave. David Linderman. He's my only friend. I'm his only friend too. I don't blame the other kids for avoiding us. We're different. Special. They wouldn't understand. Ever.

Dave's dad was a big time mobster. Everyone in school knew it. That's part of the reason why he was avoided. Dave never gets to see his dad, well, not that i know of anyways. I mean, who am i to talk. I haven't seen my dad since i was 7. Me and Dave's fathers work together. My dad is Mr. Linderman's right-hand-man. Our mothers were best friends since high school. They did everything together: Went to the movies, Had Sleepovers, ect. They were like twins. They even had they're babies on the same day. That's right. Me and Dave were the "Miracle Twins". I mean, im obviously better and cooler, but we were born on the same second. People and nurses say that at the same moment they heard 2 babies screeching, begging for air.

So thats how it is. Our fathers are together, We're together, and our mothers WERE. Yup, my mom is dead. I...It was an accident. I was only 9! That's when i knew i was different. That's when reality struck. What happened to her you ask? She was burned. In black flames. The weird thing was, i did it while i was asleep. DREAMING about me burning her with black flames, and i woke up and it was like a literal dream come true. Except not as fairy-taleish. Every since my mom died, i've lived with Dave and his mom.

She constantly tells me not to be ashamed of what i did. She says that we're all special. Me, her, david, mr. linderman, dad, and mom. Whenever i ask her about what we can all do she never answers fully. But by now i know most of them. Dave can do a bunch of things. He can fly, he's a flame thrower, he can stay warm in cold places (which is oddly specific), and he can predict things which coupled with his ability to dream about the future is very useful. His mom can predict things when she thinks about them. Like if she thinks about how much i have studied for a test, what the questions for that test have been in the past couple of years, and what i have gotten on my last couple of tests, she can know what my grade will be on my next exam. And it's weird because she just KNOWS these things. She just KNOWS what my grades were. She just KNOWS what the test questions were for the past 23 years. And it's also weird because she's always right!

Dave's dad can heal things. I dont know much more about it. I try to avoid Mr. Linderman. My dad, however, has a really cool ability. He is a healer too, like mr. linderman. But when i asked dave's mom, Carol, about it, she made it sound all scientific. She said that 'He had the ability of Cellular Regeneration.'

My mom's ability was that she could dream. Dream about the future. Like Dave. and Me. But her dreams

were different than me and dave's. Her's were more complex. and, according to carol, she could dream about things that wouldnt happen for years. My mom could also dream about the past. from different perspectives. She could (but didnt, because you dont control what you dream about) dream about the 9/11 tragedy. She could know the exactly what happened inside of the cockpits of the 2 planes that crashed into the WTC.

I bet you're wondering about my ability. I am an 'Analytical Learner'. Lame right? Wrong. If i see a person, not only can i tell if they have an ability, right away, but i can also take it. I just need to make contact with them. A brush by them on a train. A punch to the face. A securing pat on the back. You name it. Dave can do something similar. Dave's similar ability is what makes us so power-compatible. If he is positive that someone has an ability, he can sense how powerful, destructive, or weak it is. But if he was wrong about the person having abilities then he described it as 'feeling like you ran full speed and head butted a brick wall and it ripped out you're hair, strand by strand.'. Ouch. He can absorb peoples abilities too. but he has to work for it. he needs to study the person and learn how they use and trigger the abilities. then he touches them. then he gets the abilities.

Neither of us can tell what the ability is though. We both have similar abilities that tell us similar things. We do different things though. We try to compete. See who can get the coolest abilities. We both started out with 2 abilities. Well i started with three, and i guess thats why im special. He could fly and he had the 'learning abilities' ability. When he was born, he started levitating to the ceiling. If it weren't for the umbilical cord, who knows how long he would've been stuck up there.

Right now i can do some pretty cool stuff. I am also a flame thrower and a future dreamer like Dave and my mom. And, on a plane one day when i was really little, i picked up a mixture ability. Now i can mix 2 abilities, if theyre 'compatible'. Weird right? But i have 2 main abilities that set me apart from everyone else. i was born with both of them and my learning ability. I am able to regenerate, like my dad. It's cool and all, but i can't do it to the same extent as a normal regenerator and i can't use it at my free will. like when i was 5 i broke my arm, and had to wear a cast for months, but, for instance, the other day i was running and banged my hand on a pole. My wrist was rotated backwards. Over the course of about 15 minutes, it just turned itself around and i felt fine.

My other ability. That i was born with. Well, it's a bit more complicated. I'm 17 and i still don't get it completely. I was born with partial cellular regeneration, analytical learning, and darkness manipulation. Sounds wack, doesnt it? It;s not. not at all. in fact, carol said that my mother wouldnt have died if it were just fire. but she said she died from a lack of light. her eyes were;nt accustom to the lack of light so they tried to adjust and ended up blinding her. She stood there as a flame engulfed her. That;s what carol predicted, at least.

My abilities. I test them. To see how they work, and what my limits are. I once erased a shadow from a blonde woman that was walking down the street. and another time, it was hot and sunny, like most summer days, and i saw a small ant. it had a tiny little shadow. i took it into my hands. not the ant...the shadow. it formed into a ball in my hand and at the moment i was wishing for some shade. the tiny ant shadow formed into the shape of a large tree.

Well that's a background on me. A background on David. On his mom. On my mom and her death. On me and david's fathers. on our abilities. Our gifts. Our burdens. Our curses.

I whipped the football hard into the sky. i watched it arc and perfectly cradle into dave;s hands. today was going to be a good day. I smiled.

## 2 - More Family

### Chap 2: More Family

Dave caught the ball.

"Lets go Sizzle Phizzle!" He yelled from across the field. "I'm gettin' some ice cream." By now people were staring. Pointing. whispering. thinking we didnt see, didnt hear. their little murmurs were usually the most audible things that i could hear.

"Is that them? The mobster twins?", "I heard that one of them turns into a werewolf at night", "I think that if you can kill one, the other will show you their pots of gold".

Sometimes it was funny to hear what people thought about us. The urban legends, the frightened whispers. but sometimes it hurt. they would talk about what our parents must be like. talk about killing us, burning our house down. it was crazy.

Dave and I were running now. Racing. to the ice cream shop. we knew how it would end up but we kept sprinting. jumping over miscellaneously placed objects, dodging pedestrians. The only thing i could hear is my heart beating hard, the wind rushing passed my face and my breathing. I took short hard breaths. I glanced at dave and it looked like he was doing the same. We both hopped, simultaneously onto the curb and once again, a tie.

"I'll try the CaraChocoChunk today." Dave gasped to the cashier.

"Ahh, David, staying good?" That's the ice cream guy. He is old and kinda fat. He looks kind of grimey. But he is me and dave;s only friend. when all others frowned and shunned us, this man smiled and welcomed us.

"Do i ever?" Dave glanced at him with a grin. I was still tryin to catch my breath.

"Haha, that's true. What about you, Mr. Shawn? what would you like?" He smiled at me with his large, crusty mouth. He was a soar sight, but something about him always seemed so friendly. I glanced over at him and nodded.

"The usual blue icee. with vanilla ice cream in it. AKA, the Phillips Creamy Ice." He didnt make that name, you know. my dad did. when my dad was around my age, he visited this town once and worked here for a day, he created a weird icee-ice cream mix that the ice cream man wondered about. It's now on the menu, and has been ever since that day. It's one of the biggest sellers here. Too bad my dad doesnt know. he hasnt come back in a while.

"Thanks Chuck." I said as he handed me my cup. Me and Dave dont have to pay, much to everyone else's envy.

"Why do you call me that? Chuck? Such a weird name. Made up by such weird children." Chuck said as he ruffled me and Dave's hair. Chuck wasn't his name. As far as anyone in this town knew, he didn't have a name. But ever since me and Dave were little, we've called him Chuck. It's kind of like an uncle to us. We love him and he loves us. Shawn, David, Carol, Mellony, Christopher, Daniel, and Chuck. That was our little family. Me, Dave, Dave's Mom (I call her by her name), My mom, my dad, Mr. Linderman, and Chuck. Miracle Twins, their mothers, their mobster fathers, and the ice cream guy. Not Weird at all.

"Boys come into the back real quick" Chuck told us. We slowly walked to the back and were giving each other looks. Look that we knew meant 'What's this about' and 'What did you do to get me in trouble?'

"Now Boys," Chuck started. "You know about my ability" He paused and glanced at a puddle on the floor which he went over to. He slowly bent over and started moving his finger towards it. The instant that the tip of his finger touched the puddle, it started freezing. "Now I just want to remind you that we all need to lay and stay low. That means that you 2 can't be sprinting half way across town to play catch and then half way back for ice cream. Because that certainly ISN'T laying low. Understand?" He spoke so kindly and had a smile, but in our minds, he was scolding us. Screaming at us to stop with our 'shenanigans'. Or at least in my mind.

"Geez you don't have to scream." I said quietly looking down into the corner of my eye.

"What are you talking about?" He said quietly, but in my mind he was screaming. Loud. Over and over and over and over again. I finally lost it.

"STOP! STOP IT! CHUCK WHATS WRONG WITH YOU!?" I screamed at the top of my lungs so that I was louder than Chuck. But in reality it was utterly quiet. Customers eating ice cream at their tables suddenly looked over at the storage room door and slowly got out their cell phones, ready to call 9-1-1. Waiting to hear my next words be 'Someone help me! I'm being raped!!!'. I mean, the store was full, so someone had to have thought of it.

"Shawn?...Candice, that's enough. Stop that, right now!" Chuck said. Then, suddenly, Chuck's face went from an angry bright red to his usual calm and smiling pale. Then a girl, who was beautiful, walked into the storage room.

"Sorry, I just couldn't help myself." She said. She had dark brown hair and had a nice hour glass figure. "He was just so...I don't know, vulnerable." She smiled and came up to me. I could tell many things about her right away. She was reaaalllly hot (sorry, teen hormones), she was older than me by maybe a few years but still shorter than me by a few inches. I could tell that she had a very seductive attitude and personality by the way she dressed: short skirt, half buttoned long sleeve over shirt with nothing under it and the sleeves rolled up. I could also tell that she had abilities.

"What does she do?" I asked Chuck. The second I said that I saw Dave start to analyze her. Within seconds he was done.

"I don't know but whatever it is, it's pretty strong stuff." Dave said. We both looked her up and down, then at each other, then at Chuck. "So," Dave said as he moved in, close, to the girl-....woman. "Your name's Candice?...I like that name." Dave always was a 'Lady's Man'. I was the kid who sat and watched him get all the girls, and dates, and jobs, and fun. I don't really care about much of that anyways. I always

overhear girls saying im cute, so girls and dates would be easy for me to accomplish. I am really good at getting thigs done and im a hardworker so a job wouldnt be difficult. I'm also really good at sports. No one but my family knows that though. And i find just about anything fun, so thats also super easy. I could be just as outgoing as Dave, i just...dont want to be.

"I Bet you do." Candice said as she glared at Dave. She then looked towards me and slid away from david. She was in front of me te next thing i knew. "Sorry about the whole screaming thing" she said to me and looked up into my eyes. She started rubbing my chest and back and caressing my face. "I could make it up to you if you want." She bit her lower lip and giggled. Clearly the seductive type.

"So um, chuck. Who is she?" Dave said. I could easily hear the disappointment in his voice. he was probably angry that this very pretty woman left his side and is all over me.

"That's my new employee. Candice. A beauty, ain't she. But be careful. She has a tricky ability." Chuck glanced at me. I glanced at her. She started inching up on her toes towards my face. She came closer. and closer. She closed here eyes. I closed mine. i started puckering my lips and then i heard her voice in my ear. Her lips were close. really close.

"He's right. You should watch your step around me" She heavily breathed into my ear. It sent butterflies throughout my body. It then became a struggle to stand straight up and not melt to the floor.

"She can make illusions. Of herself. Of you. Of anything and everyone around you." Chuck said and pointed to me and her. I looked back down and saw a frail old woman wrapping herself around my body.

"What the f-" I started but was interrupted by dave's laugh.

"Aahahahaha!!! That's Hysterical!!" He laughed. "Finally someone who makes a move on Shawn and he finds out its an old lady!!" He was bending over, clenching his stomach as his wide open mouth yelped.

Candice then angrily glared at him. He then dropped tto the ground and closed his eyes. "DAVE!" I screamed and ran over to check his pulse. He was still alive. "What did you do!?" I looked at Candice. She slowly came to me, morphing back into the body i met her in on her way.

"Oh, nothing." She said and knelt next to dave's collapsed body and my crouched one. She wrapped her arms around my neck and pulled me a little closer to her. "He;s okay. Dont worry." she whispered to me. I dont know why but she felt so.....i dont know. probably something harmonic.

"Candice, sweetly. Come on. if you're going to be a part of this family, dont seduce your relatives." Chuck said. At that moment i sprung up, surprised.

"What?!" I said. "Chuck are you talking about our family?" I asked. I felt like i was in a panic mode. I mean, i didnt even know this woman! she shows up at my uncles store, makes my brother collapse, and now im learning that shes joining my family!

"Shawn, I found this girl on the street, she was wandering. she has no home. she;s like us, shawn. She needs a home. She needs a family." Chuck told me. I swear if any other person had said that at that moment, it would'nt've meant fish crap to me. but this was chuck. the one who taught me how to ride a



bike. the one who babysat me my whole life. the one who taught me how to play video games. the one that gave me the 'birds and the bees' talk. The one who gives me free ice cream and free advice whenever i see him. I had to accept it. Candice was part of my family. And you knew it was official and confirmed with everyone when Chuck announced it to you.

I sighed. "Fine." I said. Looking at my feet. Chin to chest. Defeated.

"Yayyy!!" Candice said and ran over to me. She kissed my cheek. "Mua"

"But first, stop doing whatever your doing to Dave." I said to her solidly and seriously. She couldnt see it but at that moment i felt like i was flying and floating on clouds. She knew how to make a guy feel good. If that was how i felt from a kiss on the cheek, then what if-

"Ugh, okay." She said and closed her eyes. When she opened then I could hear Dave on the ground, gasping. He shot up and looked at me with wide eyes. He walked over to me.

"Shawn. I heard everything." He whispered to me. "I guess we have a sister." He said.

"More like a 2nd cousin." I whispered back.

"Well now that that's settled, let's go back out and have some ice cream!" Chuck said as he put his hand on the doorknob.

"Sure" I smiled. We walked out through the door and i saw that the store was empty. All of the different people. All of the icees and ice cream and sundaes. Gone. I looked over to the front window and saw a sign. the only problem was that the 'Open' side was facing into the store. "What happened to everyone?" I asked.

"Oh, um sorry. Since you came into the store, you saw what i wanted you to. Chuck was in the storage room waiting for you guys. Only you though, Shawn." Candice kept walking past me, "Dave saw reality, but you didnt. My bad." She glanced back and smiled and walked out the door.

"Where is she going?" Dave asked. I was actually wondering the same thing. Chuck said that he found her wandering the streets, so where could she possibly be going? Her box?

"To your house of course" Chuck grinned from ear to ear. "I told you, shes part of the family. So she's gonna live with you." Chuck started chuckling (pun kinda intended). "I spoke about it with your mother, and your father." Chuck said. "Yours too." He pointed to me.

"Whe-" I started.

"I CALL CANDICE IS SLEEPING IN MY ROOM!!!" Dave yelled and started running out of the store to catch up with candice. "INCEST IS LEGAL IN OHIO!" he yelled back at me. I looked down laughing a bit. She vegatized him, is part of his family, and Dave is still trying to get with her. Good ol' dave.

I was about to start running after him when Chuck gently pulled my arm. "Shawn." He said seriously. "Your dad forgives you, you know. For the whole house fire thing." He looked at me and smiled. I smiled

back and winked at him.

"In most ways, your opinion on that is more important than his."

I was just about to start running again when Chucks grip strengthened a bit. I looked at his hand on my arm and at him with a worried face. "Boy." He started. "Now, i know your father hasnt been there for you for so many years, but he's still your father. Him and Mr. Linderman are cooperating with another company trying to make it safe for your generation. You ought to pay him your respects. In too many ways, his opinion is a lot more valuable than mine." He said and let go of me. Chuck started smiling again. "Now go on. Take the shortcut. You can still beat Dave back to your home!"

I smiled at him and nodded. i turned back around and started sprinting home. Today wasnt as good as i thought it would be. But it wasnt all that bad.